

HISTORY AND GENEALOGY

OF THE LATE

REV. ISRAEL POTTER'S BRANCH

OF THE

POTTER FAMILY.

BY J. S. POTTER, OF BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON:

W. KELLAWAY, PRINTER, 30 EXCHANGE STREET.

1885.

THE LIBRARY
ACADIA UNIVERSITY



THE GIFT OF
Mrs. James W. Gates
in memory of Mrs. Edna
Williams Gates

HISTORY AND GENEALOGY

OF THE LATE

REV. ISRAEL POTTER'S BRANCH

OF THE

POTTER FAMILY.

BY J. S. POTTER, OF BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON:

W. KELLAWAY, PRINTER, 30 EXCHANGE STREET.

1885.

Edna Williams Gates
12th generation of Potters.

DEDICATED.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

TO THE POTTER FAMILY OF CLEMENTS POINT, SMITHS
COVE AND WEST PORT, AND TO ALL OTHER PARTS,
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

THIS TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1885.

A
CS90
.P68P65

A HISTORY OF THE POTTER FAMILY.

THE genealogy, or history of the Potters, carries us back to 1628; when Robert Potter sailed from England to this country, and settled in the town of Warwick, R. I.,—and also back to the coat-of-arms, worn by many families of Potters, previous to 1600; and was derived from those of the ancient Earl of Leicester, as many of the Potter families in England, in different parts, served with those ancient earls in war time.

Now, I wish to give a record, which I hope and believe will interest *our branch* of the family, at Clements Port, N. S., and other parts of the Province; and also those who reside in the United States.

I cannot tell where my great grandfather was born, but I have the names of his children, which I will give. I do not know where Joseph Potter, Jr., my grandfather was born; but I know that he went from the States to Nova Scotia, a little before the War of the Revolution, and from thence to New York, for the purpose of raising a company to build iron works (or foundry,) in the town of Clements, N. S. He was lost at sea, and never heard from. In after years, Mr. Alger, from South Boston, went down, raised a company, built the foundry, and ran it for

some time. The iron ore used in the furnace came off my father's land, as he settled grandfather's estate, and lived on the homestead. Father sold the iron ore to the company.

A RECORD OF THE CHILDREN OF JOSEPH POTTER,
MY GREAT GRANDFATHER.

Mary Potter, born July 3rd, 1736.
Betty Potter, born June 22nd, 1738.
Joseph Potter, born Aug. 23rd, 1741.
Robert Potter, born Nov. 7th, 1745.
Benjamin Potter, born May 9th, 1749.
Eben Potter, born Aug. 11th, 1751.
Sarah Potter, born Nov. 1st, 1753.
John Potter, born March 31st, 1757.
Reuben Potter, born Dec. 9th, 1759.

Mary Potter experienced a great deliverance Sept. 5th, 1749.

A RECORD OF THE CHILDREN OF JOSEPH POTTER, JR.,
MY GRANDFATHER.

Aaron Potter, born July 11th, 1762.
Israel Potter, born Nov. 28th, 1763.
Mary Potter, born Feb. 7th, 1766.
Zebudah Potter, died Jan. 24th, 1760.

The Same, by Mary Farnsworth (second wife).

Joseph Potter, born Monday, June 14th, 1773.
Samuel Potter, born Friday, Dec. 9th, 1774.
Sarah Potter, born ———, Aug. 4th, 1776.
Benjamin Potter, born Friday, Dec. 11th, 1777.
Lydia Potter, born Friday, Oct. 29th, 1779.

Franklin Potter, born Saturday, Apr. 28th, 1781.

Martha Potter, born Monday, Apr. 9th, 1783.

Sukey Potter, born Friday, Feb. 18th, 1785.

Esther Potter, born Friday, Mar. 16th, 1787.

Esther died Mar. 26th, 1851; age, 64.

THE RECORD OF MY FATHER.

And first: My father, Israel Potter, afterward Rev. Israel Potter, was born in Worcester county, Mass., in July, 1763. He was one of the six months' men raised in the town of Shrewsbury, by the State of Massachusetts, to reinforce the Continental Army in 1780—(age 17; July, 1780)—and which marched from Springfield under the command of Lieut. Taylor, of 2d Mass. Regt., July 6th, 1780. After the war of the Revolution was over, and peace declared, he went to Nova Scotia, settled his father's estate, and lived on the old homestead in the town of Clements, at a place since called Potter's Point, where he carried on farming, and the *herring fishery*, which was a very profitable business.

Ah, well do I remember the *old homestead*, where I was born! And the *farming*, the *fishing*, the *brick-making*, the cutting down the forest, the building vessels, etc., with all that goes to make up the history, and all the variations of this *mortal life*!

In looking back threescore and ten years, how short the space of time seems to appear!

“Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also like a shadow, and continu-

eth not." (Job xiv. 1, 2.) How true this is, and the only hope of *long life*, is to be "born again!" This takes place at "the resurrection of the just;" whoever attains to that "will not die any more."

MY BIRTHDAY.

POEM,

On the Old Homestead—Feb. 22, 1884.

The farm-house wore a modest mien,
The small-size windows quaint and red,
And through a tangled web of green,
I think I see the *old wood shed*!
The orchard bloom, in white and pink,
Was handsome to the children's eye,
Sweet music of the *bob-o-link*,
Gave pleasure in a sunlit sky.

The lofty height of hard-wood trees,
That used to grow upon the hill,
Was kept to burn—we did not freeze—
For the fireplace we used to fill!
The nightingale—her ringing song,
Upon those trees, in summer time,
We heard it all the evening long,
She'd almost charm us with her rhyme.

Of clover red and new-mown hay,
A fragrance on the air swept by;
The old brickyard and *miry clay*,
Would sometimes cause us boys to sigh!
The sunset spread its rose-red glare,
The stars upon the upland play;
Through dreamy paths of purple air,
North Mountain ranges stretch away!

Beside the *bars*, close to the wood,
Within the mellow twilight gloam,

How oft, a *barefoot boy*, I stood,
 To wait until the cows came home.
 The batt's of my life I've fought,
 Part from the scenes of boyhood's time,
 Yet even in this time I sought
 To clasp a stronger Hand than mine!

J. S. P.

Even him, who has "all power in heaven and on earth." Who "spoiled principalities and powers and made a show of them openly." "Who abolished *death*, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." Who is "the resurrection and the life." And has the "keys of *hades* and of *Death*!" Amen! And is coming again to raise the *dead*: yea, father and mother with the rest, who now *sleep* on the "Old Homestead!" "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible," etc. Let us praise God for the blessed hope.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

Israel Potter and Miss Mary Rice,

Married January 7th, 1786.

THEIR CHILDREN.

Aaron Potter, born Sept. 3rd, 1786.
 Zebudah Potter, born Mar. 22nd, 1788.
 Israel Potter, Jr., born Jan. 7th, 1790.
 John Potter, born Jan. 17th, 1792.
 Joseph Potter, born Jan. 31st, 1794.
 Mary Potter, born May 16th, 1796.
 Sarah Potter, born Dec. 17th, 1798.
 Fanny Potter, born Jan. 11th, 1800.
 James M. Potter, born April 7th, 1802.

Jacob Potter, born Feb. 10th, 1804.

Susanna Potter, born Feb. 10th, 1806.

Ann Potter, born Nov. 15th, 1808.

Josiah S. Potter, born Feb. 22d, 1810.

Zeruah Potter, born Dec. 24th, 1812.

Isaiah S. Potter, born Oct. 9th, 1814.

“Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” (John iii. 3.) Jesus Christ is “the first born from the dead.” (Col. i. 18, and Rev. i. 5.)

Thus endeth the first instalment !

Quite an Army!

But from “Israel,” sprang not quite so many as “the stars of heaven for multitude,” as was the case of Abraham; “in thee, and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed:” “and that seed was Christ.” “And if ye be Christ’s, then are ye Abraham’s seed, and heirs according to the promise.” (Paul.)

MARRIAGES.

Marrying of the Children.

“The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.”—Jesus. (Luke 20: 34–36.) “Man shall leave his father

and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife.”
(Gen. 2 : 24.)

Aaron Potter and Susan Purday.

Zebudah Potter and Josiah Spurr.

Israel Potter, Jr. and Catherine Ditmars.

John Potter and Mary Balcomb.

Joseph Potter and Margaret Balcomb.

Mary Potter and James Balcomb.

James M. Potter and Sylvia Harris.

Sarah Potter and Josiah Spurr, 2d wife.

Ann Potter and Rev. Joshua B. Coggsell.

Susanna Potter and Henry Watkeys.

Jacob Potter and Catherine Warn.

Josiah S. Potter and Louisa Bartaux.

Zeruah Potter and Thomas Hurd.

Isaiah S. Potter and Sarah A. LaCain.

John Potter and Maria Marshal, 2d wife.

Jacob Potter and Mary J. Cook, 2d wife.

Josiah S. Potter and Naomi G. Bent, 2d wife.

James M. Potter and Caroline Wilson, 2d wife

Sarah Spurr and Harris Miller, 2d husband.

“Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the
earth.” (Gen. 1 : 28.)

All the family married but one !

DEATHS.

“It is appointed unto men once to die, but after
this the judgment : so Christ was once offered to bear
the sins of many ; and unto them that look for him
shall he appear the second time without sin [or sin-
offering] unto salvation.” (Heb. 9 : 27, 28.)

Father and Mother,

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WHO HAVE DIED !

And now "sleep in the dust of the earth."
(Dan. 12: 2; 1 Thess. 4: 13, 18.)

Zebudah Spurr, d. Jan. 11th, 1816; age 28.

Joseph Potter, d. Oct. 19th, 1829; age 35.

Zeruah Hurd, d. Mar. 9th, 1840; age 28.

Rev. Israel Potter, d. Aug. 17th, 1847; age 84.

Mary, wife of Rev. Israel Potter, d. Mar. 7th,
1849; age 80.

Susan Watkeys, d. Nov., 1866; age 60.

Aaron Potter, d. Sept. 21st, 1860; age 74.

Rev. Israel Potter, Jr., d. June 26th, 1860;
age 70.

Jacob Potter, d. June 9th, 1866; age 62.

Fanny Potter, d. Mar. 23rd, 1875; age 75.

John Potter, d. Mar. 15th, 1878; age 86.

Mary Balcomb, d. Oct. 2nd, 1886; age 84.

Isaiah S. Potter, d. February, 1885; age 71.

"If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."
(Job xiv. 14.) "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live (at the last day): and whosoever liveth (at the last day) and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"—Jesus. (John xi. 25, 26.)
"Behold, I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep (in death), but we shall all be changed."—Paul. (1 Cor. 15: 51.)

EXTRACT FROM REV. ISRAEL POTTER'S LETTER
To the Editor, Dr. Baldwin.

(This letter was from my dear old father, dated the year that I was born.)

CLEMENTS, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, N. S.

May 12, 1810.

DEAR AND REV. SIR :—In the beginning of March last, a most wonderful and powerful reformation began in the lower part of this town, which seemed to pervade the minds of old and young, and many, we hope, were brought to the knowledge of the truth. About ten days afterward the good work made its appearance in the middle of the town. The people assembled from every quarter, and it seemed that it might be truly said that God was passing through the place in a very powerful manner. The glorious work has since spread through every part of the town and some of all ages have been made to bow to the mild sceptre of the Redeemer.

The ordinance of baptism has been administered for five Sabbaths successively. Forty-five have been admitted to this sacred rite, and a church has been constituted upon the gospel plan, consisting of sixty-five members, to which we expect further additions. If I should say that 200 have been hopefully converted to the Lord in this town since the reformation commenced, I think I should not exceed the truth. The good work is still spreading eastward very rapidly, and looks likely to spread through the province.

The opposition has been great, and many oaths have been sworn, even in the time of divine service. But the Lord has triumphed over the horse and his rider, and blessed be his name !

At Round Hill I understand there is a number to be baptized to-day. The province of Nova Scotia has been highly favored with the gospel. We beg an interest in your prayers, that the Lord would give us strength to contend earnestly for the faith that was once delivered to the saints.

Your unworthy friend,

ISRAEL POTTER.

WAS IN THE WAR OF 1812.

My father was Captain of the Militia, in the war of 1812. He served during the reign of King George IV. But this was before he was ordained to the gospel ministry. In after years his delight was in "the law of the Lord." He laid aside the "carnal weapons," for "the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." His meditations by night, and by day, was in the gospel of the Son of God. His prayers in the morning for the blessings of the day, and at evening for God's watch-care over us through the night, was of infinite value to the household, the neighborhood, and the community at large. I hope his successors are following in his footsteps, and preaching God's word, instead of the fables of the last days ! O, what glorious times I have seen in the "old kitchen," when I was young—before the meeting house was built ! The preaching, the exhorta-

tions, the old songs of Zion! The shouting of the saints—the bleating of the lambs, and going down “by the river side,” to be “*buried with Christ in baptism!*” etc.

Rev. Israel Potter was ordained to take the pastoral charge of the first Baptist church in the town of Clements. He served the church for many years—until his eyes failed him; then his son, Israel Potter, Jun., was ordained co-pastor, and labored with his father in the gospel; and finally had the whole charge of the church up to the time of his death.

My father often took his text from among the Prophets, and the Psalms, and sometimes from the Song of Solomon.

My brother Israel was not so much of a sermonizer; his gift was more of exhortation. But the best of all was, they both had salvation; and that is the reason they had souls for their hire!

Father used to work hard all the week, farming, fishing and brick-making; then go and preach Sundays all over the town and county, year after year, and didn't have to go to Europe every summer for his health! He was a notable public-spirited man, always ready to give generous aid to public institutions, and also to local enterprises. He didn't charge \$5000 a year for telling the people, that “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” (John iii. 16.) Whatever his convictions were concerning doctrine, he had the independence to assert them; and his name and influence

went throughout the province, and his house was always open for ministers and for "pilgrims and strangers" !

THE CONTRAST.

The expense of the latter-day sweet spiritual flowering out and rounding-off periods, in the brief worship on the Lord's day, can best be estimated by contrasting it with the old-fashioned, somewhat ungarished, but hearty, worship of the earlier days—with the burden upon them, "Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel of Christ !" They had no picnics, church fairs, and gambling tables in the "house of God" in those days. The burden of their preaching was : "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned !" Their songs were—

"The judgment day is rolling on,
The glass of life will soon be run,
Creation with her fiery doom,
The Lord will soon appear!
Oh, there'll be glory, glory, glory,
When saints shall view him near."

My father lived in the days of James Manning, Edward Manning, Theodore Harding, Harris Harding, Thomas H. Chipman, Dr. Baldwin, Enoch Towner, Thomas Ausley, and a host of others that I have seen with mine own eyes. They were all faithful men in the vineyard of the Lord, and all above reproach ! I would give more for one of their old sermons than I would for all the *modern popular sermons* put together, with a few exceptions.

Let us all try to emulate and benefit by their ex-

ample. My faith is still strong in the last "will and testament" of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I have no regard for "evolution" and "new departures."

I believe God made a man and a woman at the *outset*. And all the *Rev. Divines* who are paddling "Darwin's" canoe had better repent, and believe God's word, before they get *upset*!

APPENDIX.

CHILDREN OF UNCLE JOSEPH, Upper Clements.

Warren Potter, born	died
Sophia Potter, born	died
Eliza Potter, born	died
Louisa Potter, born	died
Lyman Potter, born	died
Wm. F. Potter, born	died
Mary Potter, born	died
Sally Potter, born	died
Silas Potter, born	died

UNCLE FRANKLIN'S CHILDREN, West Port.

George Potter, born	died
William Potter, born	died
Edward Potter, born	died
Joseph Potter, born	died
Franklin Potter, born	died
Mary Ann Potter, born	died
Hettie Potter, born	died

Synthia Potter, born	died
Phebe Potter, born	died

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S CHILDREN, Smiths Cove.

John Potter, born	died
Thomas Potter, born	died
William Potter, born	died
Henry Potter, born	died
Edward Potter, born	died
Synthia Potter, born	died
Sarah Potter, born	died
born	died
born	died

CHILDREN OF BRO. AARON & SUSAN, Clements Vale.

James Edw. Potter born	died
Anthony Potter, born	died
Israel Potter, born	died
Reuben Potter, born	died
Aaron Potter, born	died
Fanny Potter, born	died
Mary Potter, born	died
Elizabeth Potter, born	died
Susanna Potter, born	died
born	died
born	died

CHILDREN OF BRO. ISRAEL AND CATHERINE,
Clements Vale.

John Douglas Potter born	died
Dowe Potter, born	died

THE POTTER FAMILY.

17

David Potter, born	died
Jeremiah Potter, born	died
Israel Potter, born	died
Catherine Potter, born	died
Abigail Potter, born	died
Rebecca Potter, born	died

CHILDREN OF BRO. JOHN AND POLLY, Clements Port.

Helen Potter, born	died
John H. Potter, born	died
Olive Potter, born	died
William Potter, born	died
James Potter, born	died
Robert Potter, born	died
Mary Ann Potter, born	died
Samuel Potter, born	died
Sarah Potter, born	died

CHILDREN OF BRO. JOSEPH AND MARGARET, Upper Clements.

Jeruin Potter, born	died
Ambrose Potter, born	died
Joseph Potter, born	died
Catharine Potter, born	died
Jacob Potter, born	died
born	died
born	died

CHILDREN OF SISTER MARY AND JAMES.

Zebudah A., b. Jan. 1, 1817 ; d. Aug. 21, 1851 ; age 34
Israel P., b. May 17, 1819 ; d.

Eliza M., b. Jan. 8, 1821 ; d.

John G., b. Dec. 3, 1821 ; d.

James H., b. Dec. 21, 1824 ; d. Feb. 19, 1885 ; age 31

Henry W., b. Oct. 1, 1826 ; d.

Edmund P., b. Aug. 15, 1828 ; d.

Susan A., b. May 4, 1831 ; d.

George W., b. May 6, 1833 ; d.

CHILDREN OF BRO. JAMES AND SYVIA,
Upper Clements.

Peterson Potter, born	died
Polhemus Potter, born	died
Harris Potter, born	died
Fred Potter, born	died
Louisa Potter, born	died

CHILDREN OF BRO. JACOB AND CATHARINE,
Potters Point.

Harriet Potter, born	died
Alfred Potter, born	died
Elizabeth Potter, born	died
Joseph Potter, born	died
Mary Catharine Potter, b.	died
Peterson Potter, born	died

CHILDREN OF SISTER ANN AND JOSHUA.

Burton, born	died
Adoniram, born	died
Zeruah, born	died
Zenith, born	died
Wallace, born	died

Mary, born	died
Armarintha, born	died
Byron, born	died

CHILDREN OF JOSIAH AND LOUISA, Potters Point.

Eliza Jane, b. Feb. 2, 1842; d. 1855; age 13.

George M., b. Dec. 11, 1843.

Mercy M., b. 1847; d. November, 1851; age 4.

Anna Louisa, b. Oct. 6, 1849.

Emma, b. January, 1852; d. May 1, 1852.

Wife Louisa d. May 16, 1852; age 32.

JOSIAH AND NAOMI (one child), East Boston.

Emma Z. Potter, born Mar. 28th, 1854.

Wife, Naomi G. Potter, died July 19th, 1877;
age 54 yrs. 3 months.

ISAIAH S. AND SARAH A. L. (one child),
Potters Point.

Emma Potter, born

CHILDREN OF MY SON GEORGE, AND MARIA, Boston.

George F., b. Dec. 22, 1869; d.

Walter H., b. May 2, 1871; d.

Lulu M., b. Mar. 23, 1873; d.

Gracie M., b. Dec. 5, 1876; d.

Nannie, b. Sept. 29, 1879; d. July 21, 1880.

Willie, b. Feb. 21, 1881; d. Sept. 19, 1881.

MUSINGS,
OF OLD TIMES, WHEN A BOY!

The barn, the bay, was full of hay,
Where hens went every day to lay.

The ox, the cow, the sheep, the lambs,
The fishing beach, so full of crabs.

The thrashing floor, the thrashed wheat,
We winnowed on a home-made sheet.

The old flax brake, I knew quite well,
I used more times than I can tell.

The logs, the saw-mill and the brook,
We caught some trout, with a pin-hook.

Roast spare-rib, and the good baked lamb,
The potatoes dry, and the best of ham.

The corn, the pumpkins, and the beans,
I now remember all such scenes.

I went to mill with a bag of grain,
Was sometimes caught out in the rain.

The maple trees, the sugar camp
Gave light by night, without a lamp.

The loom went bang, and the spinning wheel,
The yarn wound on the old hand reel.

We used the scythe, pitchfork and rake,
But evening time we got hot cake.

The field of flax, all dressed in blue,
Gave to our eyes an elegant hue.

The sausages and Christmas pie
Were made so nice, we did not cry.

The best of bread my mother made,
My sisters learned the same good trade.

The old steel trap, the rabbit snare,
We caught the fox, and the gray hare.

The pears, the cherries, and the plum
Were sweet to us,—we did them gum.

The hawk the gull, and eagle too,
The owl at night, said hoo-hoo-hoo.

AM NOW A MAN, AND,—

With narrow-axe, and broad-axe new,
I've hewed shiptimber, straight and true!
Whether hardwood, spruce, or white pine,
I always hewed up to the line!

And by the grace of God, will try and hew up to
the Gospel line, as did my "Father" and "Brother,"
who have "fallen asleep!" And if the chips fly in
your face, you must get out of the way of the axe!
(The chips are hay, wood and stubble! etc.)

The Old and New Testament is my axe, "two
edged!"

Now, let me say, *Au Revoir!*
I may not see you any more!
But hope in Christ to reach that shore
Where we shall live for evermore!
And sing the song of grace divine,
The gift of God to all mankind!

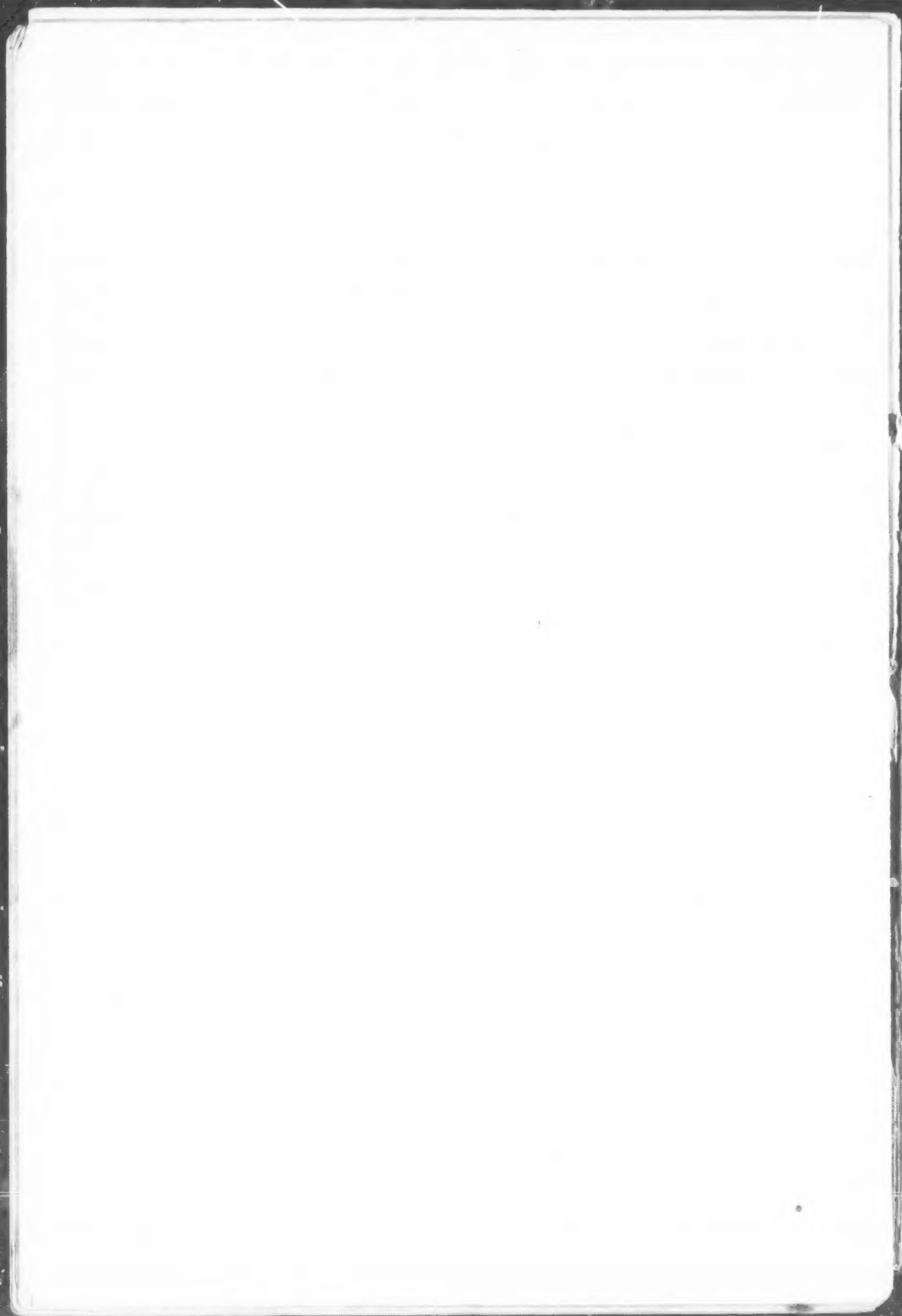
Submitted all in good faith,

I remain,

Your unworthy friend and servant,

J. S. POTTER.

Boston, Feb. 22, 1885.





He leadeth me ! oh ! blessed thought,
Oh ! words with heavenly comfort fraught ;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth.

Ref.—He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
By his own hand He leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor even murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee.
Since Jesus is my victory !